

THE
Mufes Mercury:
OR,
Monthly Miscellany.

Consisting of
Poems, Prologues, Songs, Sonnets, Translations,
and other Curious Pieces, Never before Printed.
By the Best and most Celebrated Hands;

WITH
A POEM on the Death of Sir Cloudefly Shovel,
Rear-Admiral of England, &c.

To which is added, An Account of the New Opera's and Plays.

For the Month of OCTOBER.

To be continu'd Monthly.



Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.

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Where are to be sold those for January, February, March, April, May, June,
July, August, September, &c.

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If any Gentlemen will assist us in our Undertaking, we desire they
will direct whatever they send us, in Prose or Verse, to Mrs. Sheffield,
at the Temple-Coffee-house in Fleetstreet; or to Mr. Andrew Bell,
Bookseller, at the Cross-Keys and Bible in Cornhill

THE
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For the Month of OCTOBER.

THE following Verses were written on the Death of Sir *Cloudesly Shovel*, Rear-Admiral of *England*, and Commander in Chief of the Confederate Fleet, who was cast away in Her Majesty's Ship, the *Association*, on the Rocks call'd, *The Bishop and Clarks*; Himself, his Lady's two Sons by her former Husband Sir *John Narborough*, and a great Number of Gentlemen, together with all the Ship's Crew, were drown'd. A Loss the more surprizing, because it has been never, or very rarely met with in any History, that an Admiral of a mighty Fleet was cast away so near his own Coasts. There is no true *Englishman* that is not heartily sorry for the Fate of this famous Captain. His Valour, his Loyalty, his Humility, Generosity, Love of his Country, and his consummate Experience in Maritime Affairs, gave him a Superiority of Merit, equal to that of Power. However, we are far from thinking our Naval Armies so barren of excellent Commanders, that Her Majesty's Royal Wisdom will not, in a great measure, repair this Loss to the Nation, in the Choice of his Successor, whose Life we wish may be as glorious, and his Death less deplorable, than that of the great Subject of this Poem.

F f

On

On the Death of Sir Cloudefly Shovel, Rear-
Admiral of England, &c.

By I. H. Esq;

Cease, Britains, your Laments; you weep in vain,
And add a double Triumph to the Main.
For half an Age old Ocean spar'd his Son,
To serve Britannia, and but takes his own:
He long defended her from foreign Foes,
And gave her Glory when she ask'd Repose.
In all Things to her Interest he was true,
And still at Sea or Land had that in View,
Faithful and firm, and none did e'er suspect
That Shovel would betray it, or neglect.
Faction could never wrong his mighty Name,
In Arms, in Council, he was still the same.
War was alike his Duty and Delight;
Nor ever did his Phlegm avoid the Fight;
Nor ever when the Foe was near him, lose
A fair Advantage for a feign'd Excuse.

No Gaul, while Shovel rul'd the Main was seen,
But Anne of all the spacious Deep was Queen:
While he Her Royal Consort's Thunder bore,
'Twas heard and fear'd on every hostile Shoar;
Toulouse had seen and felt his Iron Show'rs,
And fled behind his Rocks and stony Tow'rs:
Yet trembling there, the British Chief he view'd, {
He sunk his shatter'd Navy in the Flood, {
Nor thought them thus secur'd when thus pursu'd. {
What Arms, what Arts, what Courage could perform,
Our Hero did; but who can quell the Storm?

The

for the Month of October, 1707.

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The Waves with Gaul the tyrant Winds combind,
And ev'ry evil Power against him join'd ;
Yet on he press'd, and Heav'n invok'd, and Anne,
And did as much as could be done by Man ;
For that, with all his Worth, he was no more,
The Guilty Waves confess, and cruel Shoar.

Had Heav'n refob'd so soon to free Mankind,
And own the War with Anne so well design'd ;
What Name could in our British Annals spine,
What Glory gild the Deathless Page like Thine ?
Yet thou hast shewn how greatly thou could'st dare,
And France still trembles at her late Despair ;
Tho' still she's vain, and of her Arms as proud,
As if her Safety to her self she ow'd ;
As if the Storm had not the Town reliev'd,
And she was pardon'd, who is but reprim'd.
Our Shovel gone, she swells with impious Joy,
And crys, no Thunder can like his destroy :
This Homage to thy high Desert she pays,
And sings thy Obsequies with hated Praise ;
While we, Immortal Shade, with grateful Verse,
Attend, and Crown with Laurel Wreaths thy Herse.

Oh could we round the glorious Circle run,
And tell the Conquests thou for Fame hast won ;
The same Eternal Spirit must inspire
The willing Muse, the same resistless Fire.
How could we else the shining Tract pursue,
The Glories we with pleasing Terrors view ?
How could we else the vanquish'd Ocean sweep,
And war with Winds, and with the raging Deep ?
Could we amidst the furious Battle press,
And paint that Flame which gave our Fleets Success,
Thy Force, thy Conduct by Experience sure,
Which France could neither baffle nor endure ;

F f 2

Thy

The Muses Mercury,

*Thy Zeal in Liberty, and Britain's Cause,
In Anne's conspicuous, as in great Nassau's ;
The Muse would share the Hero's endless Praise,
Live in his Fame, and wear the Victor's Bays.*

*But where should we begin the daring Race,
Amaz'd we view the long and radiant Space ;
The barbarous Moors his infant Arms employ'd,
And early those Destroyers he destroy'd.
For God and Man he warr'd, and Heaven confess'd
His martial Youth, as he his Manhood blest.
With Foes more barb'rous since, more false he fought,
More Dangers tempted, and more Wonders wrought.
The bloody Gauls he oft has made to bleed,
And Slaves from worse than Moorish Bondage freed ;
His Name to them as dreadful on the Main,
As Blake's to Holland once, or Drake's to Spain ;
Their great Successor He, with like Success,
Asserted Britain's Empire o're the Seas ;
Like them He kept her distant Foes in awe,
And to the East, and to the West gave Law.
His Fame was only by the Poles confin'd,
And flew to every Quarter with the Wind ;
As now, alass ! his hapless Fate is blown,
By every Nation mourn'd, but most his own.*

*For who like him will with Paternal Care,
Conduct our Naval Hosts, and guide the wat'ry War ?
Whom will they chearfully like him obey,
And follow as when Shovel led the Way ?
With him they willing went, and unconstrain'd,
The Fight demanded, and the Conquest gain'd ;
For Victory disowns Tyrannick Sway,
And none will conquer who by Force obey.
Danger, by his Example, they defy'd,
And liv'd rewarded, or lamented dy'd.*

Thus

Thus humbly great their savage Souls he tam'd,
Cool'd when he pleas'd, and when he pleas'd inflam'd:
While others proudly fullen, rul'd by Fear,
Fair to their Foes, and to their Friends severe.

We never can enough his Loss bemoan,
Nor blame the darken'd Skie, and absent Sun.
If Pray'rs, if Wishes, could have chang'd his Doom,
He ne'er had ventur'd thro' the starless Gloom,
We now had welcom'd him with joyous Lays,
And crown'd his living Brows with living Bays.

WHO we do not know the Author of this Poem, we are very well satisfy'd, 'twould be a great Advantage to it if we did, and were at Liberty to tell the World,

A Wit and a Beau making Love.

S Trephon whose Person every Grace
Was summon'd to adorn,
Thought by the Beauties of his Face,
In Sylvia's Love to find a Place,
And wondred at her Scorn.
With Bows and Smiles he did his Part,
But oh 'twas all in vain,
A Youth (less fine) a Youth of Art,
Had talk'd himself into her Heart,
And wou'd not out again.
Strephon with Change of Habits dress'd,
Still urg'd her to admire
His Love alone, the other prest,
As Verse or Prose became him best,
And warm'd her to desire.

This

This found, his Courtship Strephon ends,
 Or makes it to his Glass,
 There in himself now seeks amends,
 Convinc'd that when a Wit pretends,
 A Beau is but an Ass.

TO explain the following Poem, 'tis necessary the Reader should know, that this *Charles IV.* Duke of *Lorrain*, was Father of *Charles the Vth*, the late famous Duke, that he was a Prince of a strange Mixture of good and bad Qualities; that he sometimes sided with *Spain*, sometimes with *France*, and dy'd at last in *Germany*. He was brave, inconstant, gallant, humorous, and almost always poor, and unfortunate.

The last Will and Testament Charles IV. Duke of Lorrain.

Done from the French.

By Mr. Oz---l.

Sound in Mind, of Judgment clear,
 The Fatal Minute drawing near,
 I thus before I go
 All that I leave behind bestow.
 Imprimis, to the Emperor I give
 My Hand—and wish he long may live;
 I leave my Widow warm Desires,
 Wanton Wishes, am'rous Fires,
 Which to supply with young and vigorous Love,
 Oh let her to some Nunnery remove,
 There Poverty shall be her Dower,
 And a brisk jolly Priest her Paramour.

*Item,

Item, I bequeath
 My Titles to my Nephew after Death,
 And those were long ago
 All I could boast in Lorrain to bestow.
 I give my Servants (hoping their Condition
 Will much be bettered by my Loss) — Dismission.
 I will my Creditors should be
 Sole Executors to me ;
 And consent expressly they
 The Charges of my Funeral defray.
 Let me be imbalm'd with Powder ;
 Let News-Writers, than Canons louder,
 From Pole to Pole this dismal Story roar,
 Charles, mighty Duke of Lorrain is no more.
 Under a Tent I'll lie a Day,
 There let the gazing Mob my Trunk survey,
 When on a Drum's tonitruous Head
 The following Epitaph you'll read.

EPITAPH.

Reader, a noisy Son of War,
 A Landless Duke lies breathless here ;
 He never could be constant made,
 Faithless both in Field and Bed ;
 By turns he gave each Crown his Sword,
 Never kept Money, or his Word ;
 He ne'er paid Debt to any Creature,
 Except this one to Madam Nature.
 He every thing would undertake,
 Tho' every thing he laid at Stake ;
 Grew grey in Arms, did all things dare,
 Was brave as Pompey in the War ;
*For his Debts Yet * Justice once dug up these Stones,
 But Charity re-plac'd his Bones.

'A PASTORAL.'

*Occasion'd by the Marriage of * a Lady of great Quality and Fortune, with † a Colonel in the Army.*

By Sir T. C.

1.

A Shepheress of wondrous Fame,
In Thessaly did dwell,
And Amaryllis was her Name,
To Græcians known right well.

2.

She was for Beauty of her Face
The Glory of the Plains,
Nor less was she, for winning Grace,
Desir'd by all the Swains.

3.

They to her oft, in full resort,
With great Devotion went,
Her Mansion did some Princely Court,
Or famous Shrine present.

4.

Amyntas for his lofty Mind,
And am'rous Flocks renown'd,
Presum'd assuredly to find
His first Oblation crown'd.

5. Young

* The Duchess of Richmond, famous for her Beauty in the Reign of King Charles II.
† Colonel Thomas Howard.

5.

Young Corydon had ever been,
Commended for his Wit,
And surely now, such Prize to win,
No Part he would omit.

6.

But Thyrsis did them all exceed
In tuning of the Flute,
And well, it seems, he hop'd to speed,
With his harmonious Suit.

7

Deaf to their Importunity,
She scarce deign'd to reply,
The Fates are not so deaf as she,
Nor Daphne half so shy.

8.

At length a Macedonian came,
All glitt'ring in his Steel,
The Force of his Heroick Flame,
She soon began to feel,

9.

So lively Feature in his Face,
So noble his Address,
That scarce Endymion equal Grace,
To Cynthia did express.

10.

Full big he talk'd of Persian Wars,
Of Spoils and Trophies got,
Of bloody Wounds, and glorious Scars,
And of I know not what.

G g

11. With

I I.

*With such Affection she did hear,
With such Delight attend,
As if her Soul was in her Ear,
She wish'd he near wou'd end.*

I 2.

*Her slighted Flocks are now to seek,
Her Lambs are all unfed.
The Rose no more adorns her Cheek,
But Lillies in its stead.*

I 3.

*Not much, or long, he need to woo,
No sooner seen than won,
What Wealth and Wit cou'd never do,
By Valour soon was done.*

I 4.

*Learn Lovers hence not to assail
With soft and feeble Charms.
For if indeed you will prevail,
You must appear in Arms.*

I 5.

*Adonis well might Smiles obtain
From the bright Goddess's Eyes,
But he who Venus's Heart will gain,
Must come in Mars's Guise.*

Gallus semper Gallus.

By the same.

Bold Glacidas employ'd as Scout to view
At Agencourt the mighty Gallick Crew,
And marking well the Number of their Host,
Quickly return'd with this auspicious Boast,
There are, said he, Enow' for us to slay,
Enow' to take, Enow' to run away.

To his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, on
the foregoing Verses.

By *William Colepeper, Esq;*

THou brave Achilles of our Warlike Isle,
Who want'st Not---- in Place to be thy Foyl,
Strike on, and in thy ev'ry glorious Deed
The Fame of every glorious Age exceed,
Wake all our Kings with Ramillies to come,
And sound new Blenheims at great William's Tomb.

Under a Picture of the Duke of *Marlborough*.

By *Mr. Vedale.*

Rome in her early Grandeur ne're could find,
Valour and Conduct in one Hero join'd,
But happier Britain now with ravish'd Eyes,
Sees both these Talents in her Marlbro' rise,
Bright Wreaths of Lawrel for his Brows prepare,
The Fabius and Marcellus of the War.

WE would not have the Ladies think this Poem was written by a Person who has not a Respect for the Sex ; for we are satisfy'd, that both by his Inclination, and his Profession, he must have a particular Esteem for them.

On Olinda's Forbidding Breath.

By Mr. R---- F----r.

OLinda, such a Face as thine,
Wou'd melt a harder Heart than mine.
But tho I wou'd, strong scented Fair,
I must not, dare not venture near,
Or come within your Atmosphere.
Believe't, Olinda, for 'tis true,
You smell as rank as any Jew.
Thus painted Tombs seem gaudy things,
With Motto, Time, and Angels Wings ;
But Worms, or something worse within,
Enrich the falsely glitt'ring Shrine.

Olinda, you are much to blame,
By Venus 'tis a burning Shame.
Distract not wretched Lovers thus,
Get better Lungs, or Face that's worse.
Thou dost the Magnet nightly act,
Can'st both drive from thee, and attract.
When those soft cherry Lips I see,
I think how happy I shou'd be
To kiss 'em, and their Sweets to prove,
I fly upon the Wings of Love ;
But ah my Passion soon you tame,
Your Breath extinguishes the Flame.

An

An Epistle to T. S---g---t, Esq;

On Satyr, and the Publick Tast.

By J. O.

MY Friend, thy Council is as wise as safe,
 I'll rather burst, than at a Blockhead laugh;
 Satyr's a Sin, and Horace was a Sot,
 Persius too rough, and Juvenal too hot,
 Petronius was a Coxcomb, and you know
 What Boileau was of late, and Garth is now
 All bad alike, their wicked Wits create
 Division and Disturbance in the State,
 And raise a Faction of the Good and Wise,
 To jest on Folly, and to laugh at Vice.
 Since Knaves and Fools are more than Ten to One,
 'Tis politick to let 'em both alone,
 Meer Madness by a merry Rhime or Joke,
 A Foe of any Fortune to provoke;
 For Small or Great may have it in their Power
 To help or hurt you in an evil Hour.
 The Man who's troubled with an Itch to write,
 Should learn to tickle ye, and not to bite.

I hear ye, and will tune my Voice to Praise,
 Ev'n Bœvius shall hereafter have the Bays;
 And every Fav'rite of the partial Pit
 With Ethridge in the Poets Row shall sit,
 And judge of Wits, and be himself a Wit.

When a dull Opera, or filthy Farce,
 Or drowsy Tragedy in jingling Verse,
 I hear, and Scenick Queens in Tinsel shine,
 And rant, and Bullies roar in every Line,
 I'll mingle with the Herd, and cry, 'tis fine.

Oh

The Muses Mercury,

Oh very fine, and worth the Poet's Pains,
 Nor does he ill requited beat his Brains,
 The House are beggar'd, but the Author gains. 3
 Well, since the Town with general Consent,
 With Show are ravish'd, and with Sound content,
 Let 'em be pleas'd as cheaply as they can,
 What's that to me, or any private Man?
 Besides, 'tis all against our selves, for who
 Wou'd sweat for Sense, that can without it do?
 No Trader, in his Wits, would be so rash,
 To blame his Chapmen when they take his Trash.
 Let every silly Song, or Foreign Note,
 And every Eunuch's mercenary Throat,
 Take on, and twice a Week the House be cramm'd,
 Let Witcherly be his'd, and Otway damn'd;
 The better still, for since our Wit is low,
 It makes for us to have the Market so.

The Disbanded Officer's Complaint.

By Mr. T. Green of Cambridge.

I.

I'm a Rogue, if I know how my Living to get,
 Or keep my poor Body in Case,
 I'm afraid, after all, I must e'en turn a Wit,
 And write my self into a Place.

2.

But yet by my very good Friends I am told
 Few Wits have the Fortune to thrive,
 That Patrons of late too keep in their dear Gold,
 And the Fashion's to take, and not give.

3. What's

3. To univs A
What's then to be done, shall I gather the Pence,
By claiming a great deal of Knowledge,
Turn Quack, tho I scarce have one Scruple of Sense,
And faster destroy than the Colledge?

4.
Shall I cant, shall I pray, shall I turn Pulpit-pad,
And bellow my Nonsense aloud,
With Burges's cry out, how the Times are grown bad,
To frighten the ignorant Crowd?

5.
Shall I'ngage i'the Law, make a Noise at the Bar,
To get a good Daub i' my Fist,
No faith, not while H— has so much to do there,
Who ne'er hit, and so often has mist.

6.
No, I've no other way but to fight in Lover's War,
In Country, in City, and Court,
Since I can't deal with Men, I'll e'en trade with the Fair
There's enough that are fond of the Sport.

7.
Thus I ev'ry Day shall wear Linnen that's clean,
Keep my Nag, nay and ride in a Coach,
Shall have Fare of the best, when I sup or I dine,
And live above Want or Reproach.

A Saying of Socrates.

Out of Fontaine.

By Mr. Allen.

Socrates, tho little skill'd
In the Bus'ness, yet wou'd build.
Censures soon were past upon't,
Some the Plate, and some the Front,
Some the Inside, some the Out ;
Some dislik'd it all about :
Here are Rooms indeed, they cry'd ;
Here's a House, the Sage reply'd,
Wou'd I, be it good or ill,
Half on't with true Friends, cou'd fill ;
None had e'er a Hut so small,
But he had Room for more than all ;
Each Man, says he, is your Friend,
May you on his Word depend ?
Never trust him, 'tis a Jeſt,
So you'll find it at the Teſt ;
Often we may hear the Sound,
But the Thing was never found.

Is

In Imitation of Martial, Epigram 53.

Book 2.

Vis fieri liber? &c.

By Mr. R. C.

Would you be free? 'tis what you most desire,
 'Tis what we covet all, but few acquire:
 If thou, my Friend, can'st at thy homely Board
 With Pleasure feed on what the Gods afford,
 And rarely to thy Neighbour's Table roam,
 Nor wish for every Thing but what's at home,
 Where mod'rate Fare, and such as Nature gives,
 No glutt'nous Feast, thy Appetite relieves.
 If thou all gaudy Pomp with Scorn can'st see,
 And with an home-spun Dress contented be,
 Can'st laugh at Wealth, as an uncertain Bliss,
 That oft'ner is a Plague than Happiness.
 If a plain Mistress can delight thy Mind,
 Easy, not proud, and with Discretion, kind.
 If thou, despising lofty Palaces,
 Thy self can'st with an humble Mansion please,
 And, free from Envy, in a rural Seat,
 Within thy self be truly rich and great,
 If o'er thy Mind thou such a Power can'st have,
 The Parthian King compar'd to thee's a Slave.

THE following Paper of Verses was written by Mrs. Behn, to a Poet, who being damn'd, declar'd he wou'd write no more: However, out of Affection to his Brother Poets, he left Rules for them to write; which she seems to judge kinder of than they deserve; since both the Rules and the Critick are already entirely forgot. The Reader will perceive, that

H h

Mrs.

Mrs. Behn had no Notion of a Pindarick Poem, any farther than it consisted of irregular Numbers, and sav'd the Writer the Trouble of even Measure; which indeed is all our common Pindarick Poets know of the Matter.

To the Author of a new Eutopia.

A PINDARICK.

By Mrs. Behn.

I.

BEYOND the Merit of the Age,
You have adorn'd the Stage,
And from rude Farce to Comick Order brought,
Each Action, and each Thought.

To so sublime a Method, as yet none,
But mighty Ben alone,
With you compare, and that at Distance too,
Were he alive, he woud resign to you
His Art, you have out-done ev'n what he writ,
In this last great Example of your Wit,

* A Name given one of his Characters by this Poet. Your * Solymere does his Morose destroy,
And your black Page undoes his Barber's Boy.
His Ladies must retire,
While we your braver Heroines admire.

The new Eutopia rais'd by Thee,
Shall stand a Structure to be wonder'd at,
And Men shall cry, This, this, is He,
Who that Poetick City did create,
Of which More only did the Model draw,
You made the little World compleat, and gave it Law.

2.

If you too great a Prospect do allow,
To those whom Ignorance has at Distance set,
You must not say the Object is less great,
But they want Sight to apprehend it so.

The

The ancient Poets in their Times,
When thro the peopled Streets they sung their Rhimes
Found small Applause, they sung, but still were poor,
Repeated Wit enough at every Door,
To have made 'em Demi-gods, but 'twou'd not do,
Till Ages more refin'd their Merit knew.
The Modern Poets have with like Success,

Try'd both the Stage and Press.
Great Johnson scarce a Play brought forth,
But, Monster like, it frightened at its Birth;
Yet he continu'd still to write,
And still his Satyr did more sharply bite.

He wrote, tho certain of his Doom
(Self-conscious of his Pow'r in Comedy)
To please a wiser World to come.
And tho he Weapons wore, to justify
The Reasons of his Pen, he could not bring
Dull Souls to Sense by Satyr, nor by Cudgelling.

3.

In vain the Errors of the Time
You strive by wholesome Precepts to confute,
Not all your Might in Prose or Rhime,
Can finish the Dispute.

Some ever will condemn, and some admire,
Thy Thoughts thou mayst employ,
And thy Poetick Fire,

A nobler Way,
Than seeking Vengeance on the Multitude,
Whose Ign'rance only makes 'em rude;
Should you that Justice do,
You must for ever bid Adieu,
To Poetry Divine,

And take your Leave of all the Nine,
Then all your Glories unadmir'd will lie,
As Vestal Beauties are intomb'd before they die.

4.

Consider, and consult your Wit,
 And raise your Scorn as great as it ;
 Be confident, and then secure,
 Despise those Ills you must endure ;
 And let your rich fraught Pen
 Adventure out agen,
 Spite of the Storms that late oppos'd its Course ;
 Storms which destroy without Remorse,
 It may new Worlds descry ;
 Which peopled from thy Brain may know
 More than the Universe besides can shew,
 More Arts of Love, and no less Gallantry.
 Be bold, and let not after-Ages say,
 A Catcall or a Hiss could lay
 Thy mighty Spirit of Poetry.
 Which but the Foolish and the Guilty fly,
 Who dare not in thy Mirror see
 Their own Deformity ;
 Where thou in two the World do'st Character,
 Since most of Men * Sir Graves and Peacocks are.

5.

Shall that Heroick Muse, that did e're while
 Chant forth the Glories of the British Isle,
 Shall she who louder was than Fame,
 Now silent lie, and tame ;
 She that late made the Amazons so great,
 And she that conquer'd Scythia too,
 A Work which Alexander ne'er could do ;
 Shall she before her Enemies retreat,
 Silence will like Submission shew,
 And give Advantage to the Foe.
 Undaunted let her once again appear,
 And loudly sing in every Ear,

* Other Names of this Poet's Characters.

for the Month of October, 1707.

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Then like your Mistress Eyes which have the Skill,
Both to oblige and kill.

Past Slights thou may'st revenge on all
That durst affront thee, Great or Small;
And on thy Friends such Obligations lay,
As nothing but the Deed the Doer can repay.

Of the New Plays and Opera's that have been
lately acted, or are preparing for the Theaters.

THE Comedy we made mention of in our last Mercury, to be written by Mr. Cibber, has been acted, and met with a Reception which was as unexpected as unwelcome. The Author tells us, he did not much depend on its Success; but it seems the House built more upon it. We are told in the Preface to it, that there will be something of his *Own* ready for the Stage in a few Weeks; this being borrow'd from Mr. Burnaby's *Reform'd Wife*. No doubt the new Piece will have better Luck.

Since the last Month, a good Part of the Town, we speak of those that frequent the Stage, have been diverted with an imaginary Government, that has been talk'd of there a long time. The Gentleman who was to supply Mr. Swinny's Place, seem'd to be very sure that the latter must resign to him, and was possess'd so far with a Belief of it, that he assum'd the Title of Governour, and spoke the following Prologue several times.

Prologue spoken at Her Majesty's Theater in
the Hay-market, on Saturday, the 8th of
November, by I. B. Esq;

Written by Mr. Cibber.

HArmless to others, thus I mount my Throne,
And rule in Fairy Kingdoms, not my own.
Long have my trusty Friends desir'd the Day
Of this my grave Enthusiastick Sway.
Tho from this Honour long debar'd in Jeſt,
The World must own I'm plainly now posſeſt.

And

The Muses Mercury,

And they who dare my Right in question call,
Shall find I'll keep my Post, and bite them all;
For know, tho' ne'er so sheer their Wit appear,
The Hands that rais'd me up, will fix me here.

But this Fancy, a few Days ago, was cur'd, by Mr. Swinny's coming to an Eclaircissement with the Gentleman, who has since no more pretended to his Government.

The Theater in Drury-lane has not been much made use of this Season. There was a great Expectation of an Audience for the Opera of *Camilla* last Saturday, and they were all forc'd to return as they came; the Singers, the Women, and Foreigners especially, refusing to sing, without being secur'd such exorbitant Rates ev'ry Night for the whole Season, that not scarce any one could think they deserv'd for once only. 'Tis said these Singers have a *Pastoral*, which they intend to have perform'd for their own Advantage, exclusive of all others, tho' we are very well assur'd, the Musick of *Dido*, an Opera introduc'd by Mr. Leveridge, is the best Musick that ever was heard in England; and we may modestly say, that considering he has so long and so happily diverted the Town himself, and now desires only to be put on the same Foot with Foreigners and Women, to have his Musick perform'd as it is lik'd, 'twill be a very hard Fate, if he should not have impartial Usage; his Opera having been, to our Knowledge, finish'd almost as soon as the *Pastoral* was begun. We cannot pretend our selves to determine which is best; there are Persons of Judgment and Quality who are concern'd in the Decision of such Controversies; and as they are Men of equal Worth and Honour, and Englishmen all, 'tis not to be doubted, but an Englishman may depend on having Justice at least done him in his own Country; where the Polite Arts, notwithstanding the malicious Reflections of some Malecontents in *Parma*, have been more encourag'd than in any other Part of Europe.

Besides the *Dido* and this *Pastoral* Opera, we are inform'd Mr. Higham has another *Opera* preparing, and others: So that the Town is not likely to want the Entertainment of which they have been lately so fond. But it cannot be expected, that above two of these will be perform'd this Winter.

We do not hear of any other new Comedy, nor any new Tragedies, but Mr. Dennis's and Mr. Smith's. Mr. Row's, call'd, the *Royal Convert*, was acted the first time on Tuesday last, the 25th of November. Mrs. Barry, who is inimitable in all her Actions, did the Poet full Justice, and the Play was generally lik'd; the Audience receiving it with all the outward Signs of Applause, with which Poets and Players are so well pleas'd.

F I N I S.